The Kind beleeving Hostesse.

I owe my Hostesse money,
Shee takes me for her debter,
On the buttery doore
Stands my Score,
The further on the better.

To the tune of, When Willy once had strayed.

I Haue an Hostesse pretty.
exceeding faire and witty,
Where she doth dwell
I shall you tell
If you will list to my ditty.
I owe my Hostesse money,
shee takes mee for her Debtor:
on the buttery doore
stands my Score,
the further on the better.

Neere London is her dwelling,
To trust me shee is willing,
Her pots are small,
And little withall,
But I will looke to her filling.
I owe my Hostesse money, &c.

To me she beares affection,
And calls mee her owne complection,
Her husband John
Poore silly old man,
She keepes vnder subjection.
I owe my Hostesse money, &c.

To speake poore man he dares not,
My Hostesse for him cares not,
Shee'le drinke and quaffe,
And merrily laugh,
And the his anger feares not.
I owe my Hostesse money, &c.

All night she will sit smoaking,
For roaring gallants looking:
And those which stay,
Are sure to pay,
I doe not like such rooking,
I owe my Hostesse money, &c.

Tobacco and hot waters,
And female rooking Cheaters,
Are brauely drest,
But I protest,
I hate such sharking Treatures.
I owe my Hostesse money, &c.

Shee keepes both Nesse and Dolly,
Braue wenches stout and Jolly,
But Ile haue a care
Of them to beware,
I know they are giuen to folly.
I owe my Hostesse money, &c.

Shee'le trade with Dutch and Danish
The French and lustfull Spanish,
But when the whores
Come in a doores,
Away I bid them banish.
I owe my Hostesse money, &c.

I'me sure they shall not cheate me.
I care not though they hate me,
Like Crocodiles,
Their teares and smiles
Shall not a foole create me.
I owe my Hostesse money
She takes me for her debter,
On the buttery doore
Stands my Score,
The further on the better.

45.
6. 28
202.

The second part To the same tune.

The truth for to speake rightly,
They get their money lightly,
By wilfull sinne,
Comes Jyngling in,
Unto them day and nightly.
I owe my Hostesse money, &c.

Ther's swaggering Nathaniel
With roaring Jacke and Daniel,
For their delight,
That loues to keepe,
A Dawke, a Horse, a Spaniel,
I owe my Hostesse money, &c.

Ther's swearing Sim and Sanders,
Are new come ore from Flanders,
That sweares and roares
And beates the Whores,
yet neuer were commanders.
I owe my Hostesse money, &c.

You may haue for your money,
A Rabit or young Coney,
Most dainty words,
Her loue affords,
Sheele call you her owne sweet hunny,
I owe my Hostesse money, &c.

If you on the sport be eager,
And that you will not swagger,
Kind Gentlemen
You needs not then,
Goe vnto Hollands Leaguer.
I owe my Hostesse money, &c.

For Wenches she can get ye
And of all sorts can fit ye,
Most brauely clad,
As may be had,
If leasure but permit yee,
I owe my Hostesse money, &c.

A Girle attir'd in Sattin,
Can speake both French and Latine,
If you haue gold
You may be bold,
And haue a fine roome to chat in.
I owe my Hostesse money, &c.

A Country Lasse thats pretty,
Or one fetcht from the City,
Or for your sport,
One tall or short,
A handsome Wench thats witty,
I owe my Hostesse money, &c.

If so beleeuing am yee,
As for the rest O damme yee,
But will be kind
Unto your mind
The Whores will finely cram yee,
I owe my Hostesse money, &c.

By others harmes be warned,
With wisedomes eye discerne it.
And haue a care
You come not there,
From them the French to learne it.
I owe my Hostesse mony, &c.

With hony words I will screw her,
And many a fine tricke shew her,
Ile keepe me away,
When shee is to pay,
Her Baker and her Brewer.
I owe my Hostesse money,
Shee takes me for her debter:
and lookes for the day
when her I should pay,
the more it is still the better.

FINIS.

London Printed for B. B.